Out of Gas Somewhere in Nebraska

Peter Fadness*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1994 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Out of Gas Somewhere in Nebraska

It was the type of place
a tumbleweed should have crossed,
a flat rectangle of crumbling concrete
and two derelict pumps,
handles chained at their sides.
She swayed out beyond them
yellow and brown weeds poking straight
up through the cement.
Her dress flapped and flew wildly
snapping in the constant wind.
It was hot and the wind
offered nothing but force,
some grit.
She was dancing.
Lifting her arms, turning,
her sandals scraping,
her eyes closed.
A line of moisture trailed
down the inside of her arm
down into her sleeveless top.
Past her was brush, sand,
a flat desolate place.
Her hand reached out
the way a magician might wave a hand,
its curve and sweep,
and even though you’re angry,
unlucky,
ready to believe the world
is empty and dryly meaningless,
something appears
and lodges in your heart.

Peter Fadness